

The Farm.

For the Michigan Farmer.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY NOTES.

What is looking fine.

Good seed corn is scarce this spring, and the farmers are worried over it.

Messrs. Hibbard's sale came off as advertised. A rain storm kept away a great many, but a fair number were in attendance. The bidding was rather slow. Fourteen head of grade Shorthorns sold for \$813. One Berkshire sow was sold for \$30. Among those from out of the county were L. L. Brooks, of Novi, Mr. Starkweather, of Northville, and E. De Camp, of Ovid. The auctioneers were Messrs. Foster, of Pontiac, and filled the bill well.

J. S. McBride, of Barton, has purchased a yearling Jersey bull, the registered cow Julia of Brightside and an unregistered cow, the latter having dropped a beautiful heifer calf since he got her home. The bull is of the Duke of Darlington strain.

E. O. Dewey has sold to Robert McFarland, of St. Johns, the yearling Jersey bull Kathrilla's Yokum; sire, Yokum Chief 9348, A. J. C. C.; dam, Kathrilla 12398. The animal is a choice one in breeding, and is equally as good individually.

Wm. Cook has purchased about 60 cows in Eaton County. He intends to have about 100 for his creamery.

P. M. Rowell, of this city, has sold to Thomas Savage, Spring Lake, Mich., the two-year-old stallion L. V. Rowell; sire, Byerly Abdullah; dam, Kit Rowell, by Green Mountain, a Morgan horse; 2d dam by Kinyon's Bacchus, son of Cone's Bacchus. Byerly Abdullah was by Mambrino Patchen, (full brother to Lady Thorne, 2184), sire of 13 trotters with records of 2:30 or better; also leads all living horses in number of grand-children that have beaten 2:30, and the average speed is faster. Byerly Abdullah's dam and grand-dam both trace to Lysdyk's Hambletonian through Alexander's Abdallah.

A few colts have put in an appearance at the Owosso breeding stables.

I want to warn all Shorthorn breeders to look out for J. W. Hibbard hereafter. He is now a constable.

The Best Breed of Cattle for the Ranch.

At the meeting of Northwestern cattle men at Cheyenne recently, a discussion was held upon this subject. The discussion was interesting from the fact that the participants were all men of experience, and spoke from actual tests:

"Mr. Link said he was a breeder of Shorthorns and Herefords, but he was not an advocate of the latter breed, although he had Hereford bulls for sale. He could show instances where the Shorthorns had been bred on Texans with the best results.

"Mr. Haver—it seems to me the points to be gained in breeding cattle for the range are to secure the greatest possible improvement, and still retain the rustling qualities of the native Texans. In discussions upon this subject the Herefords have more than held their own in comparison with other breeds, and I find many friends of the white-faced stock in my country. I have had considerable discussion with the foreman of my ranch on the subject. He adheres to the old idea of playing for numbers instead of quality. There are many points in breeding that interest me. I am young yet on the range, and I am willing to learn from those who have been before me. My herd has been carefully bred to the Shorthorns, and I think we turn out as fair beef as any in the country, but I don't know but I have been breeding too long from the same stock, and my herd might become too closely bred, I have feared.

"Mr. Hudnall—You will find in breeding Shorthorns you will get your first cross too fine for this country. The first cross of the Durham is perhaps the best. After breeding to the Shorthorns for a few years your cattle are reduced in strength and increased in frame. When the grass is short it is hard to keep them in order. The Herefords are the best rustlers. I don't think they reduce the weight of animals. They will turn off as much beef as any breed. If a man wants bone, he can get all he wants from the Shorthorn. If he wants meat, he should take the Hereford. I don't want to talk the Herefords up too strong, however, for I have no bulls for sale, although next year I may have some.

"Mr. Haver wanted to know if in breeding to Herefords his stock would hold up in beef. He had to put some bulls on his range, but as yet was undecided as to selection.

"Mr. Hudnall—Your herd is like many others, I think, too finely bred. If half-breeds, the Hereford is just what you want. I can recommend them for a change.

"Mr. Berry—Mr. Hartsell, I think, has as good cattle as can be found, but they are not large. The Herefords are not good milkers. Taking all things into consideration, I think there is nothing that will compare with the Durhams.

"Mr. Haver—I want to ask Mr. Berry if in those old herds he could produce any better stock by continuing to breed the Shorthorns?

"Mr. Berry—By getting a new strain of the same blood the herds would undoubtedly be benefited. It is not good, of course, to continue taking bulls from the same herd.

"Mr. Haver—It has been suggested to me that by continuing to breed to the Shorthorns I would get more bone and less beef.

"Mr. Link—That will be just owing to your judgment in breeding. You can get a steer with his bristlet hanging to the ground, or one that you can see daylight up under his tail. Buy a bull of good constitution, hardy and used to the climate, and you will have no trouble as to decrease in size. The Herefords show well, because one of them will carry more grass in his belly than two ordinary cattle."

Raising Oats.

A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer says that though oats are one of the staple farm crops, farmers seem to know less about raising them than almost any other crop they grow. He says:

"Oats require good soil well prepared.

With favorable season a fair crop may be grown on moderately good land, ill tilled, but under such conditions it is an uncertain, unsatisfactory crop. It is exceedingly important to sow oats early, as soon after the frost is out as the land is dry enough to be plowed. Fall plowing will expedite the work wonderfully in the spring, and we would recommend it on stiff clay land. But most of our oats are sown on corn stubble, and here farmers are very much divided in opinion as to the best plans to pursue. Some insist that the ground must be well plowed, others prefer loosening the surface with the cultivator, and sometimes you find a man who thinks he raises as good oats as anybody in the neighborhood by sowing them broadcast and harrowing in. We think very favorably of fall plowing for oats. When the corn is gathered in time to get the stalks turned under before winter sets in we gain thereby in several ways. We help along early spring work, get our land in condition to work earlier in the season, and the stalks we turn under have time to decay and furnish a vast amount of available plant food for the oats. When corn is cut up we would not pasture a single hoof on the land nor break it up in either fall or spring. In this case our plan would be to take a good spring-tooth harrow or any other harrow that will pulverize the ground to a depth of two and a half or three inches, and go over the ground twice as soon as the soil is in proper condition to work. We then follow with the drill, using fertilizers according to the requirements of the soil. One harrowing, if properly done, is sufficient on fall plowed lands. When the ground is worked a little wet and is inclined to be cloddy it may be necessary to use the roller before harrowing. When the land is not seeded to grass a few farmers contend that it is best to pass the 'smoothing harrow' over the field at frequent intervals until the oats are six or eight inches high to keep down the weeds and cultivate the oats. We can't recommend this plan as we have never tested it. In fact we always seed our land to clover when we put it in oats, as a 'sure stand' is almost certain. In regard to the best manure for oats that depends a great deal upon the soil. Whatever we apply should be in an available condition. It only takes about three months to mature the crop after it is sown and in this short a time we can't wait for manure to ferment, decompose and change its particles before it can give out plant food. Barnyard manure must be well rotted to be of any use to the oats crop. The best commercial fertilizer for oats is mixed alkalis, superphosphate and ammonia salts. When these are not easily procured, we would recommend the use of superphosphates. In these the plant food is at once available. It is better than bone meal, for this reason, but not as good for the grass crop that follows, for we can see the good effects of the bone for a year at least after it is applied."

Ensilage Fodder Partially Dried.

I have been making experiments with ensilage, which may be interesting to some of your readers. Last fall when I cut my corn fodder down I shocked it up and let it stand until the third week, before I cut it up. I found the blades perfectly cured, a beautiful green, but the stalks and ears still had enough sap in them to make the mass damp, but not wet, when cut up. I found that it packed better, and did not have that sickening green smell that fresh corn fodder usually has when cut up at once.

I opened the silo January first, and found it had not kept well, and there was very little odor, not at all offensive, and slightly alcoholic. The animals ate it very readily; even the horses are fond of it. To some of them I give one feed per day of it, and two feeds of oat straw and corn, and they are looking well. I feed two mares two feeds of ensilage and one of oat straw, and no grain, as they keep fat. They were grazed all the fall, but no grain has been given them. The advantages of this mode are that you can fill your silo with fewer hands, you can take your time, as the fermentation does not follow up as fast as when cut fresh or green, and the ensilage is sweeter and more nutritious. I found I could haul from the fields one day, and pile up in a large pile near the silo, and cut it up the next day, without its heating in bulk.

Hereafter I think I shall cut down and shock up one week, and haul and cut up during the next. In this way I believe that the ensilage will be much better, having lost a part of its watery sap, which is of no advantage to it. I have been using ensilage for four years to feed milk cows and beef cattle, and I can get more milk and butter than I did from mangolds and sugar beets. I began the experiment one spring, the first of April. I stopped feeding Lane's sugar beets and bran, and fed ensilage and the same quantity of bran, and got more milk and butter. In feeding beef cattle I only use half as much meal as I did with dry corn fodder, and get more fat in the same time. I now would hardly know how to farm without a silo filled every fall.—F. G. in Country Gentleman.

Good Advice to Wool-Growers.

The flurry among wool-growers on account of the reduction in the tariff has led some of them to talk of abandoning the business unless the duty is restored. To those who are seriously contemplating such a step the *National Live Stock Journal* gives the following good advice:

"The depression in the wool industry is unquestionably serious and trying to men of courage and large business capacity, but what industry does not have its depressing periods? The fluctuations in wool have been no greater than in dairy products. And we well remember when dairymen have been so discouraged as to sell their herds at any price they could obtain, and buy sheep to replace them. The sheep, being in great demand, are bought at a high price, and the dairymen

remodels his buildings to suit the sheep. He has to learn the new business of wool and mutton growing, which takes several years; and then he has the mortification to find that his old business of dairying has recovered from its depression, and is giving great satisfaction to those carrying it on. He then wishes himself back in the old business again, and he soon manages to change back again, and finds himself much worse off than if he had never made any change.

"The man who sells his sheep now at a great sacrifice, and buys cows or other stock, is likely to find himself in the situation described two or three years hence. It is seldom advisable for a farmer to change his specialty, in which he has become expert, for a new industry which he must learn. He should have an abiding confidence in the stability and necessity of the great specialties of agriculture—yet they are all subject to the great law of supply and demand, and liable to be directly or indirectly affected by ill-advised legislation, but all efforts to escape these effects by temporarily abandoning a particular industry nearly always prove to be a bad mistake; and those who continue and manifest their confidence in the business are always rewarded in the end. Nothing can be more destructive of profits than a frequent change of business."

How to Use Barbed Wire With Safety.

The Country Gentleman, speaking of the danger in using barbed wire for enclosures where stock is confined, points out several modes of avoiding evil consequences. That journal says:

"For smooth, nearly level fields, plow a deep furrow on each side of the wire fence, or rather plow several furrows, so as to make one broad and deep one on either side, throwing as much earth over the plow as practicable towards the line of posts, and finishing the work by cleaning out by hand the ditches thus made. This work is performed at comparatively little cost, and has the three advantages of draining the line, banking against the posts so that they need not be set so deep, and making a visible barrier which will induce horses to check their speed and stop before they reach the fence. They will not pitch headlessly into a ditch and against a bank. They are always brought up before they reach the line. Another advantage is that the ditch and bank combined are as good as two bottom boards, and a smaller number of wires are needed to complete the fence above."

"Another mode, where there are plenty of scattered or cobble stones over the adjacent fields, is to make with them a low flat wall, say about two feet high; set the posts in the line of this wall, and attach the barbed wire to them. The wall becomes a visible barrier, and will repel the approach of animals, for they have a special dislike to step on a mass of small stones.

"A third mode is to place two or three wires inside of a hedge, the branches and stems of which will hold the wires in place as the hedge increases in growth. A poor, thin hedge, of small growers, is thus made into an efficient barrier, and the hedge is sufficiently visible. Strong growing hedge plants are not wanted for this purpose, for it would require too much labor to keep them cut into proper shape. There are other modes for removing the danger, but some of the preceding may be employed in nearly all cases, and the fences will be comparatively cheap in construction."

The Seed Potato Question.

The American Cultivator says, on this much discussed subject: "The question of using large potatoes or small ones for seed purposes, and how many eyes to the hill, has been much discussed, but different varieties of potatoes and different modes of cutting cause a difference in results, when experiments are tried, which often mislead. The potato, like other seed, should be mature and perfect in form, and in late potatoes the small ones are more apt to be immature specimens than in early potatoes. Therefore, the later the crops of the previous year the less the likelihood of getting good seed from small potatoes. A good potato as large as a hen's egg of any of the early varieties is likely to be as well adapted to seed purposes as any, while in a late variety or a late crop it might not. The habit of the variety is the best guide as to manner of cutting. If it is given to throwing out many sprouts from the eyes, cut to one or two eyes at most, but if the sprouts start slowly and feebly put in more seed to the hill. One good thrifty stalk to the hill does not usually yield as many potatoes as two stalks, but usually two stalks are better than four, unless the ground is very rich. And even then, it may be better to keep to two stalks in the hill and make the hill's nearer together. If the drillsystem is followed, it makes but little difference whether it is one stalk every six inches, or two stalks in a place and twelve inches apart.

How to Detect Oleomargarine.

The Philadelphia Grocer gives the following rules, which it claims are reliable, for detecting oleomargarine in butter: Procure a vial of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) which will cost about five cents. Use a glass rod and put one drop on the article to be tested. Pure fresh yellow butter will turn almost white, while tallow changes to a deep crimson red. Lard gives diversified colors, showing all the colors of the rainbow. The second method is to melt a very small quantity in a shallow dish which should only be large enough to hold the quantity and put a piece of wire in the fluid; now light the protruded end of the wick above the surface of the liquid and after it burns a few minutes extinguish the flame. By inhalation the ascending smoke from the wick the odor of fried butter will designate pure butter, but if the odor is similar to that of a smoking candle-stick you may rest assured it is oleomargarine.

Profitable Earning.

The Country Gentleman says: The farmer who has a thoroughly tile-drained farm, has entire control of it the season through. He can begin work as soon as

the frost is out of the ground. He has plenty of time to subsoil his land, and by repeated plowing and harrowing to reduce it to the condition of a garden. His crops are put in early, they get a timely and vigorous start, outstrip the weeds if the latter are permitted to grow at all, and insects make less impression on them. If the summer is wet, the surplus water is held like a sponge in the deep mellow soil, or is carried off in the tile drains. If a severe drought occurs, the same deep soil holds enough moisture for the growing crop. Timely and repeated cultivation keeps the weeds under and promotes growth. With such land and such management, the owner is in a great measure independent of wet and dry seasons; he has heavy crops every year. There are of course certain adjuncts which are carefully attended to, as for example the saving and manufacture of manure, its timely spreading and thorough intermixing with the soil; a well digested rotation; good labor-saving implements; and clean and comfortable quarters and regular feeding for all domestic animals."

Weight of Milk.

We find the following in a bulletin of the Wisconsin Experimental Station: A quart of good milk should weigh about 3.15 pounds, or nearly 2 pounds 21 ounces. If milk is weighed this rule will give the monthly yield in quarts more exactly than measuring. Probably not one farmer in ten has any definite idea as to the average weight of his cows in pounds or quarts. Those who have never tried keeping a record of the milk yield will find it a profitable and perhaps a surprising experiment.

One thousand pounds of average milk contain:

Caseln.	108.
Fat.	82.
Milk sugar.	96.
Mineral matter.	7.

By setting milk in deep cans placed in cold water, the fat, or cream, can be removed before any decomposition occurs. When we reflect that in butter making only fat is removed from the milk, it will appear reasonable that skim milk, properly managed, should possess a high value for feeding purposes."

Agricultural Items.

J. M. STEVENS, La Prairie, Ill., reports to the Western Agriculturist that he cured his Cote-wild sheep of cholera by the use of pine tar, putting it on the nose and in the mouth liberally.

In the cultivation of beans, an implement that will not throw the earth upon the beans and pods is to be preferred. Level culture with beans is altogether preferable to hill or ridge culture.

NOTHING which is applied to seed corn in planting will protect it against the attacks of cutworms. This pest does not disturb the seed but eats off the stalk at or just below the surface of the ground. To soak the seed in a strong solution of tobacco will help repel the wire-worm.

In very few things is the importance of doing thoroughly and well whatever is undertaken more fully exemplified than in seeding land down to grass. It does not pay to be stingy with either seed or manure, as a liberal application of both combined, and careful preparation of the soil, will add materially to the value of the farm.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman says that though he has seen many ditches in his day, running up in price from ten to several hundred dollars, the cheap and simple ones have invariably proved the most valuable, the complicated and costly machines lasting a short time, and some of their many parts becoming bent and useless.

We are learning that corn ground cannot be well left too light. The roller, which for other crops is often helpful, is for corn, on heavy soil, nearly always injurious. And some of our most successful corn-growers prefer a light rather than a very heavy soil, because they inevitably plow the latter too deep in order to keep grass from springing up.

M. AUGUSTE GOFANT, the inventor of the ensilage system, says he does not hold but that made from ensilage is as good as when fed on fresh maize, but while winter butter is always inferior to that made in the summer, that from ensilage is of better quality than that from any other feed. Having kept a detailed account of the cost of the culture and ensilage of the corn, he arrives at the fact that it costs him only 90 cents a ton.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman, in commenting on the crop prospects in Illinois, says: "It is now conceded that the poor stand of wheat obtained last fall, and its poor growth and present feeble condition, are in a large measure owing to poor seed, especially from wheat which was stacked during or after the rains last year, and heated in the stack before threshing. Perhaps it is not as well understood as it should be, that where wheat 'sweats' in the stack, the germ is weakened and sometimes killed, and though the grain may be improved in appearance, and be better for milling, it is more or less seriously damaged for seed."

The American Cultivator says: "Corn on old soil is nearly always a disappointment. There is an extra amount of work in keeping the grass from starting up in the furrows. While a decaying soil is excellent for corn, one that is all the time trying to live is a detriment. If a tough soil has to be plowed for corn, we would break it up as early as possible in the fall before in order to cultivate the surface before winter sets in. Then repeated cultivation in spring until planting time will make a mellow seed bed, and greatly lessen the labor of keeping down grass and weeds through the summer. With corn on old soil it is emphatically true that the cheapest way to keep the crop clean is by thorough tillage of the soil before it is planted."

Veterinary.

QUITTING—Horse has been lame by spells all summer, and about three weeks ago the inside of his heel became swollen and finally broke at the edge of the hoof. He was all right until a week ago, when he became lame again, and now his heel has commenced discharging again just at the edge of the hoof. O. S. RUSSELL, Apply Gombault's Caustic Balm according to directions.

Gombault's Caustic Balm for bog spavin, is the remedy. Absolute rest should be given; also remove shoes from feet to give free pressure, and if allowed to remain idle two months the more perfect will be the cure and strength of the joint.

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1867 1884

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Farm Law.
Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Balch, Attorney, Seitz Block, Detroit.

Right to Fish.
MAX, Tuscola Co., April 7, '84.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer:
DEAR SIR.—A. has a lake on his land, of some acres, that he pays taxes on the same as the rest of his land. It has been claimed by some parties that it was a public right to spear the fish in it, so that the fish was getting scarce. Can A. stop the fish spearing, and how can he proceed?
N. D. P.

Answer.—If the lake is so small as to be entirely included within A.'s farm, then the public has no right in it whatever, and A. may bring the action of trespass against any one who enters upon the lake without his permission. In the great lakes, like Erie, Huron and Superior, the public has the right of navigation and the right to take fish, cut ice, etc., but these rights cannot be used in such a way as to interfere with the rights of the owner. The same is probably true of the large inland lakes, like Houghton, Higgins, Burt's, Whitmore and others. But in small lakes entirely included within one man's land, there are no public rights at all. It is as much a trespass for one to go upon them without permission, as to go upon another's land. This is the general doctrine, and the one that it is believed will be adopted in the State. Our Supreme Court has not yet passed directly upon the point.

Widow Not an Heir.
GRASS LAKE, Mich., April 12th, 1884.
Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer:
SIR.—I desire information which is involved in the following proposition: Suppose a man and wife live together until old age, say seventy years, and have no children. The man then dies, leaving a small personal property and a small amount of real estate. The widow soon becomes an incompetent person and a guardian is appointed for her by the Judge of Probate. The personal estate is used up for her maintenance; now can her guardian sell the real estate, or any portion thereof, for her support, or does she become a charity either upon her neighbors or the public?
Very respectfully,
M. H. RAYMOND.

Answer.—In this State the widow does not inherit her husband's real estate, except in one contingency, which rarely if ever happens, viz: Where the husband has no lineal descendants nor collateral heirs. If the husband leaves no issue the whole of his real estate goes to his wife during her lifetime. This probably covers the case of the above inquiry. The real estate in that case cannot be sold, if there are any heirs to it; it would only go to the widow in case it should otherwise descend to the State. The heirs ought to take care of the widow.

How a Big City Was Bought.
Recently, in the Melbourne public library—a magnificent institution—I inspected two formal legal deeds, by which eight chiefs conveyed to John Batman, the "William Penn" of Victoria, 600,000 acres, "more or less," of land, in consideration of "20 pairs of blankets, 20 knives, 100 tomahawks, 50 pairs of scissors, 30 looking-glasses, 200 handkerchiefs, 100 pounds of flour, and six shirts," for 500,000 acres of tract, and for the other of 100,000 acres, "20 pairs of blankets, 30 knives, 12 tomahawks, 10 looking-glasses, 12 pairs of scissors, 50 handkerchiefs, 12 red shirts, flannel jackets, four suits of clothes, 50 pounds of flour." It was added that a certain number of similar articles were to be given annually as a rental, such as would amount to \$14,000, and finally it is said to be "dated according to the Christian era, the 6th day of June, 1835."

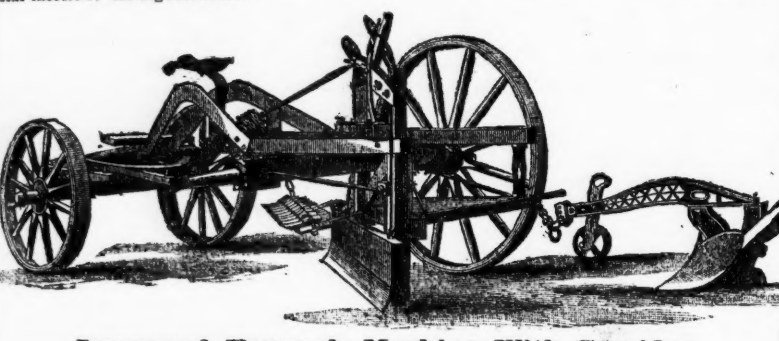
That was the year in which Melbourne was founded. Not yet fifty years old and already the ninth city of the British Empire in population! Batman was a fairly good man, but his ideas in the way of buying land were too large in proportion to his ideas for paying for it. His purchase was not much respected; worried to death by litigation, he died four years after his contract with the chiefs. His descendants are poor, tolling people. His story ought to be written on a monument, to order that they go forth to New Guinea and other regions may remember that there is an ambition that o'er-leaps its "sell," or saddle, and falls on the other side. At the same time there is a respectable fact beneath this new agitation for annexing the adjacent islands; it is that the Australians are growing a Monroe doctrine and that they can rest it on much the same grounds as our Monroe doctrine rests on.—*Melbourne Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
CIGARS.
Presses, Grinders, Sorghum Mills, Cigar Machinery (Steam and Fire). All the celebrated Farm Mills. Will go wherever you want. Address: HENRY H. PERRY, V.S., Box 204, Moreau, Mich.

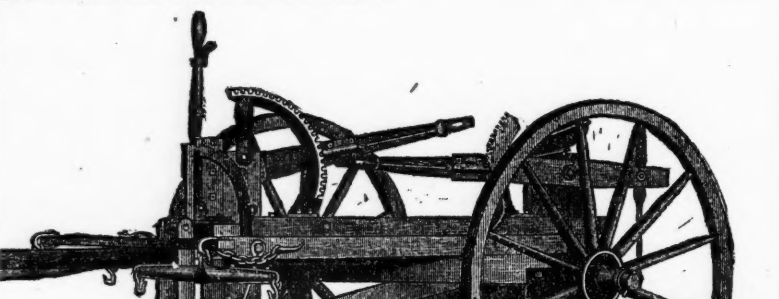
EGGS FOR SALE.
S. F. CROSBY, Almont, Lapeer Co., Mich., breeder of pure bred Plymouth Rock fowls, eggs for sale for September 15th. Write for prices.
HENRY M. PERRY.
Well-known Riding Instructor and Saddle Maker. A specialty of operating upon riding horses, training and improving them. Catalogue free. C. G. HAMPTON, Detroit, Mich.
Yellow Dent Seed Corn.
Has been planted in April for three years; matured from last year; was dried by fire heat; has been tested—50 out of 100 grew; 85 per bushel; 75 per hundred. Send by registered letter or New York draft as per address below.
T. L. SUTTON, Saiton P. O., Lapeer Co., Mich.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
A NEW ERA IN ROAD MAKING!
Improved Road Machines Manufactured by S. Pennock & Sons Co., of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

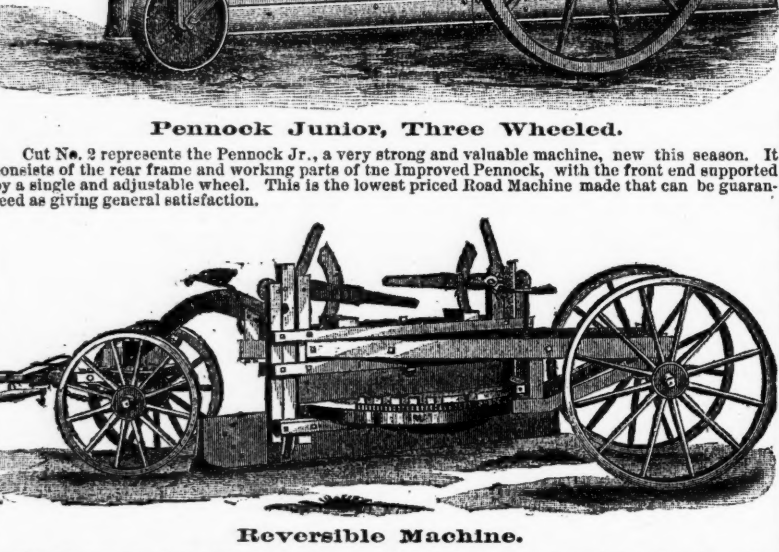
The Pennock Road Machine is an invention which has come rapidly into popular favor because of its simplicity of construction, the excellent quality of the roads made by it, and the vast saving in labor and money by its use. Many of the principal cities and villages of Michigan are using this machine and it is rapidly coming into favor on the country roads where it is destined soon to be generally adopted. We present cuts of the styles of machines made by this Company, all of which have the particular merits of the highest order:



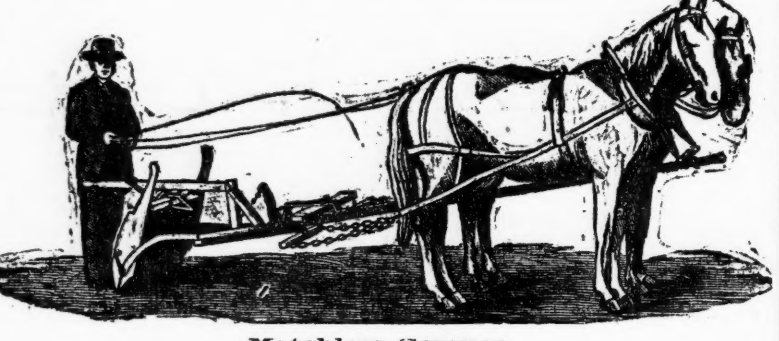
Improved Pennock Machine With Scarifier.
The above cut represents the well known four wheeled Pennock Machine, this year improved in certain important details, and the result of six years of careful experimenting and practical work in all soils. The cut also represents two extras, the Scarifier, and Plow Attachment, which for certain kinds of work are valuable aids to a Road Machine.



Pennock Junior, Three Wheeled.
Cut No. 2 represents the Pennock Jr., a very strong and valuable machine, new this season. It consists of the rear frame and working parts of the improved Pennock, with the front end supported by a single and adjustable wheel. This is the lowest priced Road Machine made that can be guaranteed as giving general satisfaction.



Reversible Machine.
Cut No. 3 represents the New Pennock Reversible Machine, the most complete road maker made. It can be worked in either direction, and is especially desirable in hilly sections of the country, as it can be quickly adjusted to work right or left-handed, or directly across the road and carry earth forward. Any of the above machines are sent on two days trial to responsible parties.



Matchless Scraper.
Cut No. 4 shows the Matchless Self-Acting Scraper, which is the easiest operating dump-scraper made. Its reversible features make it especially desirable in hilly sections of the country, as it can be quickly adjusted to work right or left-handed, or directly across the road and carry earth forward. Any of the above machines are sent on two days trial to responsible parties.



Standard Steel.
Cut No. 5 shows the Standard All Steel Scraper the best of its kind. It is made of one solid sheet of steel, is shaped so as to most readily penetrate the earth; a slight pressure of the hand on one handle is sufficient to hold it, while a slight lift upward of one handle causes the team to dump it. This scraper was awarded the medal at the National Exposition of Railway Appliances held at Chicago last spring, over all competitors.

All persons interested in improving roads and streets are requested to send for our New Illustrated Catalogue of Road Machines which contains full particulars of these and other valuable appliances for facilitating road work, and also instructions for making good roads. All orders and correspondence for Michigan should be addressed to:

N. M. GARRETT, State Agent, Jackson, Mich.

Peter C. Kellogg & Co.
—WILL HOLD THE—
FIFTH ANNUAL SPECIAL COMBINATION SALE
—OF—
JERSEY CATTLE!
CONSEIGNED BY PROMINENT BREEDERS,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 7 to 10, 1884, at
The American Horse Exchange, Limited
Broadway and Fifth Street, New York.
(Office, 107 John Street.)

The unrivaled attractions of this great annual sale have made it a nucleus around which other sales have developed, making an aggregate of about 500 Jerseys to be sold in New York within the space of a week. It will be preceded on Tuesday by the sale of the increase during 1883 of Mr. T. A. Havener's herd. Intending buyers of registered Jersey Cattle in large or small numbers will find the fifth annual Special Combination Sale the most valuable opportunity of the year for securing them, with large numbers to select from, and every animal pledged to absolute sale without limit or protection. The catalogue contains announcements from such noted breeders as Messrs. S. M. Barnham, A. H. Darling, John J. Holly, J. V. Willis (all cup winners in former sales), D. F. Appleton, Houston Brothers, John D. Wing, S. M. Shoemaker, H. S. Russell, W. R. McCree, J. H. Walker, and some 25 others, many of whom are likewise considerably represented, and the offering of some of the most famous cows in the country will be sold. Catalogues will be ready April 28.

PETER C. KELLOGG & CO.,
107 John Street, New York.

APPLES! PEACHES!
GRAPE VINES, ETC.
Good trees, and a good assortment of best varieties. Send list of wants for prices. Address: E. M. POTTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.
EARLY CABBAGE PLANTS.
Early Jersey Wakefield and Henderson's Early Summer, grown from extra "Fugate Sound" seed. Price 60¢ per 100, \$5 per 1,000 by express, by mail 75¢ per hundred.
Also a choice lot of Asparagus roots, one year old, Conover's Wilson. Price 75¢ per hundred, 10¢-12¢.
Address: A. B. WILSON, Tecumseh, Mich.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
1884. OWOSSO 1884.
BREEDING STABLES.
Stallions in Limited Service.

LOUIS NAPOLEON,
Sire of Jerome Eddy, 2:16 1/4; Spinella, (Trial 2:24 1/2) 2:30. Season, \$100.00.

GEORGE MILO, (Four years old.)
Full Brother to Jerome Eddy. Season \$50.

FUROR, (Three years old.)
By King Rene, by Belmont, by Alexander's Abdallah; 1st dam Fugate (dam of Fugate, 2:32 1/2 at two years old and 2:27 1/2 at three years old, a full sister to Furor) by George Wilkes, 2:30; 2nd dam Trotwood (dam of Phalaris 2:15 1/4) by Clark Chief, sire of Mambrino Chief; 3rd dam by Ericsson 2:30 1/2 and sire of Double 2:55, by Mambrino Chief. Season, \$50.

JO CAVIN,
Half brother to Jerome Eddy and sire of Cora Belle, the factor two-year-old yet in Michigan. Season, \$35. To insure, \$35.

BONNIE WILKES, (3 years old.)
By Bourne Wilkes (his dam by Alexander's Abdallah) sire of George Wilkes. First dam by Alexander's Abdallah; 3rd dam by Bonnie Scotland. Season, \$25. To insure, \$35.

For extended pedigree and conditions send for our Catalogue.
DEWEY & STEWART,
Owosso, Mich.

LEVI ARNOLD,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
Riverside Stock Farm,
PLAINWELL, MICH.
—BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF—
Pure-bred Recorded Poland China Swine
Registered Jersey Cattle,
(A. J. C. H. R.)
and Registered Merino Sheep.

Poland China is a specialty. Herd established in 1869. Is the largest herd in the State. Is practically a herd of prize winners. Stock all dark in color and faultless in style, consisting entirely of the most noted families of the day. Pigs of 1883 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1884 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1885 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1886 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1887 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1888 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1889 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1890 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1891 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1892 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1893 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1894 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1895 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1896 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1897 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1898 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. Pigs of 1899 averaged 260 lbs. live weight. 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Poetry.

ILLUSION.

Down in the valley, he thought, how grand
To stand on the mountain peak,
To feel the four free winds of heaven,
And to see the daylight break!
The flowery grass of the meadow-lands,
The wealth of the waving crop,
He knew them safe, and rich, and fair,
But he longed for the mountain top.
What mystic shadows and depths were there,
What glory of color and light!
He knew that his heart would never rest
Till his feet had reached the height.
With painful care and a beating breast
He climbed the dangerous ground,
And stood at length on the mountain-top,
With nothing his gaze to bound.
But the clouds were still as far above,
And above the stony peak
Had never a flower or blade of grass;
It was cold, and barren, and bleak,
And far below was the valley sweet,
With its orchards and garden places,
And the house where he was born.
Thus from the valley of sweet content
Ambition lured him to seek
The splendid, lonely, barren place
That girdles life's most lofty peak.
But oh for the pleasant valley homes!
And happy the feet that daily pass
Through woodland ways and blowing corn,
And the long sweet orchard grass.

SPRING TIME.

Lo! already a fern new-born
Curls in the hedgerow his mimic horn,
And the primrose hourly edges aside
The leafy driftage of winter's tide.
Far in the vales, where the woods are still,
Stands a delicate daffodil;
Hasting brooks in the prime of the year
Murmur merrily—April's here,
With gentle rains and westerly vanes,
Buttercup buds and daisy chains.
Between misty meadow and sunlit sky
The sad-voiced plover is circling high;
Sudden and loud through larch and fir
Rings the laugh of the woodpecker;
And the wagtail flirts his plumage pied
In snatches of flight by the water-side;
Garden voices that have been dumb
Whistle and warble—a time will come
For shades of leaves and pillage of eaves
And swallows a-twitter in last year's eaves.
Lo! she comes in the old, sweet ways—
The happy April of other days;
Maiden April, merry of mien,
Trips afield in the meadow green;
Sick or sound, or sorry or glad,
Utter it, echo it, lass and lad!
Lad and lass, in the youth of the year,
Echo it, utter it—April's here,
Then comes May, pleasure and play,
Holiday dance and roundelay.

UNUTTERED.

Waiting for words—as on the broad expanse
Of heaven the formless vapors of the night
Expectant wait the prophecy of light,
Interpreting their dumb significance;
Or like a star that in the morning glances
Shrinks, as a fading blossom, from the sight,
Nor wakens till, upon the western height,
The shadows to their evening towers advance—
So in my soul, a dream ineffable,
Expectant of the sunrise of the shade,
Doth oft upon the brink of twilight stand,
Or at the dawn's pale opening portal stay,
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,
In smiles, that on the lip of silence fall.

—Harper's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

ST. JOHN'S WIFE.

It was in olden times, before croquet or lawn parties were in vogue. When the good wife wanted a few friends to meet at her simple board, for a social chat, a quilt—there was always one on hand—was stretched upon the frames, the larder stored with good things, and invitations were sent far and near for the ladies to meet in the afternoon, with gentlemen and tea in the evening.

Behold, then, a goodly number gathered in the front room of Farmer Goodwin's house, matrons and maids; but the latter were expected to do little work, and they gathered in groups on the piazza or strolled through the yard. Neighbors' affairs were talked over, weather and housekeeping fully discussed, and occasionally a choice bit of news of a more interesting character made known. On this particular occasion it consisted in the fact that St. John was going to marry. Some glanced up in surprise, but matter-of-fact Mrs. B. exclaimed, "How do you know? I've heard that story so often as to lose all faith in the report."

"Oh, it's a fact this time, for Miss Jay told me herself that Abigail St. John had engaged her to come and sew for her three weeks. She is to have her black silk made over, and has one or two new ones. She expects to go South with an invalid friend; but you all know she would never leave her brother unless there was some one coming to take her place."

All concurred that it was a good thing. They did not consider Miss Abigail just the person to make her brother happy. True, she was a good housekeeper, but then she was considerable of a scold, and St. John was such a mild, pleasant, kind-hearted man, how had he ever borne with it? Such a contrast, too, to the first Mrs. St. John!

St. John was a general favorite—always had a pleasant greeting for every one. So the elderly ladies remarked; and as for the younger ones, certainly his handsome face and agreeable manners were attractive. The lady-elect was next in order.

"Polks say," continued Mrs. S., "it's the widow Granger's daughter over at Plumville. At any rate St. John has been seen to stop there quite often of late."

"Well, perhaps she'll make a good wife," and the lady's glance rested for half a minute on her own daughter, who was standing by the window, "but I've heard she's a proud, high spirited body." So they chattered on, while Miss Abigail in her pleasant sewing-room stitched, all unconscious of their disparaging remarks, her thoughts going out to the new home in the far south, and her heart rejoicing that her days at the farm were over. Miss Abigail dearly loved her brother, and at his request, five years before, gave up her own home, came and tended the sick wife, and had since kept house for him. She had carefully concealed the skeleton—for this house was not exempt

from one. St. John was unconscious of it, Miss Abigail knew. In her endeavors to make the best of it, she felt she was losing her own piece of mind and serenity of temper. She had found it, and so had the young wife who now slept so quietly in the church-yard. For an instant the sister's heart went out in pity to the young girl who was to take her place. But it was not for her to give her warning; and Rose Granger, in her cozy village home, dreamed bright dreams of a future strewn with flowers. People might harp on the ills of life; for her part she did not more than half believe them. It was their own fault, they brought them on themselves; but she, oh, it would be so different! And the bright air-castles rose.

Yet she was not without the range of the gossip's tongues. They were busy at Plumville, too, and Rose Granger, calm, self-possessed young lady though she was, had not failed to note certain looks and mysterious nods, although apparently oblivious to them, and vainly she wished, as so many others have done, that people would not interest themselves in her affairs. One old lady, presuming on her age and long acquaintance to offer a little advice, remarked to her one day:

"I wish you much happiness, and you have apparently made a good choice. Mr. St. John is intelligent, and owns a good property, so you can have every comfort you wish. Then, too, he's agreeable and kind-hearted. But trouble comes in all lives; all men have their faults,"—then, misinterpreting the expression on Rose's face, she continued, "but I don't wish to frighten you, my dear; I've no doubt you can manage him."

"Manage him!" exclaimed Rose scornfully. "I loathe the idea. No woman who has any respect for herself would stoop to such maneuvering."

"Very fine talk, my dear; but to let you into a matrimonial secret, most wives have to; they would have a sorry lot if they didn't."

Rose's lip curled, and she deigned no reply. The words came to mind the next time she met St. John; but a glimpse of his handsome face and sparkling eyes dispelled all unpleasant thoughts. That face spoke to her of perfect manhood; yet a close observer of human nature would have read in that easy, nonchalant manner, and beneath that glance, a certain lack of energy. Not that St. John was indolent, quite the reverse. He was always busy and full of plans, but he lacked the perseverance necessary to fulfill them. Some other time would do; meanwhile something else was in hand.

Time glided by, and one summer evening Mrs. St. John arrived at her new home. Miss Abigail remained with them a few weeks; then, early one Monday morning, her brother carried her to the depot, and after their departure Mrs. St. John gathered up the clothes preparatory to washing. The cistern pump was broken, and in peering in she discovered that the cistern was empty. She met her husband on his return with "What am I to do? I've everything ready for washing, and there is not a drop of water in the cistern!"

St. John smiled at her look of distress, and replied, "And hasn't been for years; the cistern leaks."

"Why! what did Abigail do?"
"Used well water, I suppose."
His wife made no reply, but gathering up the clothes, said: "I will wait till we have rain," and carried them back to the closet. St. John was a little abashed at manner, and exclaimed, "I'll have repaired right away. I meant to have done so before."

So Rose washed dishes and cleaned the floor with well water, and the pile of soiled clothes accumulated in the closet, but no rain came.

One day St. John came into the sitting-room, where his wife sat reading. "Where have you put my shirts, wife? There is not one in the drawer."

Rose laughed. "You'll find them all in the clothes-basket, I guess, waiting for rain."

"But—but I've agreed to go to Benton on business, and this will hardly do to wear; and he glanced disconsolately at his soiled linen. "Couldn't you cleanse some water?" he asked, hesitatingly. "Abigail used to, I believe."

"I never did such a thing in my life," replied his wife. "The life makes one's hands so sore. Besides, it hurts the clothes; they never look nice and white. I've heard mother say one or two washings in cleansed water ruin clothes. Then, it's such hard work to wash in it; I don't believe I'm strong enough to do it," and she returned to her book."

St. John was in dismay. Go he must; and he was fastidiously neat in his personal appearance. Rose finally glanced up at his troubled face. "Go over to our neighbor's, and ask her for a pail of rain water. She will not think it strange that we are out, there has been such a drouth, and I'll do you up a shirt in short time."

"Bless you, wife! Where's the pail?" and St. John started off. "I'll stop at the village the next morning on my way to Benton."

"How about the mason?" inquired Mrs. St. John, the next morning.

"Bless me! I forgot," replied her husband. "I'll be sure to remember it next time."

But next day there came a rain, and all the tubs, panning barrels and pails were put under the eaves, and there was water enough for the present; and the trouble having passed St. John is not the one to remember it. He never looked so far ahead as to ask, "What shall we do next time?"

A new difficulty presented itself to the wife. She went into the pantry, and in lifting down a pan, splash! dash! she was drenched with water.

"What's the matter?"
"The roof leaks a trifle," replied her husband.

"I think it is a trifle," murmured Rose, as she examined the ceiling more closely, and saw the drops oozing through. "I wonder what made the plaster so loose. It will rot the timbers, won't it?"
"Of course, but I intend to have the house resingled."

"Does any other room leak?" she asked.
"Yes, the spare chamber,"—but his wife was already half way up the stairs, for the

day before she had spread her light silk upon the bed, "Just in time!" she exclaimed, as she snatched it up. But oh! the white spread, with the ugly stain across the foot!

"What shall I do?" she asked, in dismay.
"I'll get a couple of pans," replied her husband, who had followed her up.
"That's the way Abigail managed."

"I declare," laughed Rose, as the pans were deposited under the leaks, "I shall catch water enough to last the rest of the summer."

St. John felt more ashamed than he had ever been in his life. "Rose, you are not a bit put out, and how Abigail used to scold! I dreaded rainy weather."

"Why didn't you get it repaired?"
"I did intend to. I will, now."

"I don't wonder Abigail scolded," thought the wife. "Five years in a leaky house! I won't scold, I don't believe in it; but—"

"Let us go down to the parlor now, and I will finish that book," remarked St. John. So rains and leaks were forgotten, and husband and wife spent the afternoon cozily, while the storm raged outside.

St. John had to leave home on business, to be gone several days. Rose carried him to the depot, and hastened back. She thought she would hurry with her baking, and then drive over to her mother's and spend the afternoon. The bread was quickly moulded, but on going to the wood-box to replenish the fire, she found it empty. Out she went to the wood pile, but not a stick was to be found. St. John had gone off in a hurry and had forgotten it.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "The bread cannot be wasted." Searching around she found a rat that was easy to cut, and procuring a saw, she set to work; but it was not until after a half hour's hard work, that she had enough to finish the baking.

"Believe I am too tired to think of going to mother's," and while she hesitated, there came a tap at the door.

"I saw your husband go off this morning," remarked the neighbor who entered. "I supposed you would be lonely, and so thought I'd drop in and spend the afternoon."

An easy chair was offered, the old lady drew forth her knitting, and the more rapidly she knit, the more talkative she became. She inquired in regard to Abigail, and then spoke of the years she had spent there.

"It was so sad about his first wife, you know. She was one of the prettiest little bodies you ever saw, not grand and stately like yourself, but a wee mite, with a baby's face, white and pink. She was very frail. She used to say she wasn't sick, but she grew thinner and weaker, and so sad-looking. If she had not had such a generous, kind-hearted husband, I'd-a-thought it more trouble and worry on her mind than any physical ill. But the ways of Providence are often mysterious, and she died, though I don't believe any doctor could tell what ailed her, and Mr. St. John had the best he could get. They called it general debility. Then Miss Abigail came. She kept a neat, tidy home for her brother, but then her disposition was so different from Mrs. St. John's. We were all heartily glad when you came."

The young wife kept a pale face bent over her work, and was glad when her visitor rose to go. After her departure, Rose put aside all thoughts of her mother's, and getting her sun-bonnet, strolled across the fields till she reached the cemetery, then she searched for the St. John's lot. A tall marble bore the names of his parents, and beside them was another nameless grave; high grass grown over all, and a half-drooping rosebush with a few fading blossoms.

"Poor little Amy!" Rose dropped beside the grave, but not to weep. The dead was at rest, and for herself, tears would not avail. Six weeks a bride, and her future already over-cast.

"Mysteries of Providence!" she murmured, and for a moment hard thoughts toward her husband filled her mind. "I see it all—a weak, quiet person, she worked with her inconveniences and annoyances, bore all, and said nothing, and at last strength gave out. Abigail scolded and failed to mend the matter, and I—I must do. I always said all people have their failings, and of course my husband would have his; but I didn't really believe it. I felt St. John was perfect; but unless he does differently, my life will be wretched. Mine is not the nature to die, or scold and fret; but to live on and have things move in this slipshod manner is impossible."

"Who is that?" inquired St. John, as they sat at the tea-table the evening of his return.

"Oh," replied his wife, "it's only Mr. Reese. I have hired him to stay for a week and cut wood." St. John looked up in surprise.

"You left me without any the other morning, and I had to cut for my baking. I am not used to that kind of work."

"I know I did, but I never once thought of it until after the cars had started. I did feel troubled to know what you would do."

"And," continued his wife, "I went to the village yesterday, saw the mason, told him the cistern needed repairing, and that you would expect him over as soon as you came back."

St. John gave a low whistle. It was something new, this talking liberties with his arrangements. His wife saw his face cloud.

"And no doubt you have engaged shingles for the roof. The tone was worse than a blow. For an instant her heart sank, but rallying quickly, she lightly replied, "No, I expect you to do that to-morrow; and mind," she added, playfully, and yet in a voice of determination, "if you don't, I will, I must have a convenient house to work in. You don't want me to scold or die—"

"Die!" he exclaimed, "who talks of dying?"

"Or what is worse," she continued, unheeding his interruption, "lose my love and esteem for you. You think these things are trifles maybe, but consider they necessarily must go a good way toward making my life comfortable and happy."

Later, when the evening shadows were

gathering, Rose joined her husband on the piazza. "I was over to the church-yard the other day, and it looked so neglected."

"Yes, I know, that's another of the things I've meant to do. Really, Rose, I believe you will think my life has been all 'meant to.'"

"We must get some one to re-sod the lot," she replied, "and I will plant some flowers."

There were tears in St. John's eyes, and he murmured, "Poor little Amy."

Rose came close to her husband, "I wish you would tell me about her." He glanced at her an instant, then went on talking of the dead, finished as others had done—"Such a mystery!" But Rose saw the wife with disappointed hopes, and only a long life of worry and unnecessary toil before her, and she wondered not that the frail life died out. But it was not for her to tell him.

"Never too late to mend," St. John said when he came back from town. "I've engaged the carpenters, Rose, and the shingles will be here to-morrow."

The old habit was not broken up at once, yet St. John soon found out that whenever he failed to have the necessary thing done, Rose hired it.

After some years Abigail came back on a visit. "How well you look, Rose!" she remarked to her sister, "as young as when you first came."

"Happiness does not seem to make people grow old," replied Mrs. St. John, "and my life has been very happy, with fewer cares than fall to the lot of most women."

"Do you know," continued Abigail, "that I dreaded to have you come, in fact, I pitied you? But you seemed to have found no skeleton such as troubled me."

"Or rather," responded Rose, "I found and buried it."

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

The Jumping Gall, the Acrobatic Bean and Seeds That Explode.

"Here is a curiosity," said a botanist. It was a little ball of wood or fibre that when held in the hand seemed endowed with life, rolling over and over and jumping into the air.

"I've had people come to me with these," continued the speaker, "and say they were bewitched. One man believed he had discovered spontaneous generation; another read an exhaustive paper which he tried to read at all the learned societies, showing that here was the beginning of both animal and plant life. In fact, the little gall, for that is what it is, has attracted a good deal of attention."

"So it is only a plant," said the reporter.
"Not exactly a plant," but the unnatural growth of vegetable matter on trees, bushes, or shrubs, caused by the secretion in the bark of an insect egg that hatches and causes the growth. In this case, you see, the gall is little larger than a mustard-seed.

"The gall is produced in this way: The eggs of a very small dark-colored insect, known as cynips, are deposited in the leaf, and from some secretion introduced into the wound, the vegetable matter engulfs the insects in a ball of fiber separate from the leaf, from which it finally drops. The larva's movements in restraint create the curious activity."

"There are many kinds of galls, and though they are injurious to trees, they are invaluable to man, and are staple commodities. The ordinary oak galls of commerce are made by a cynips. When they are green, blue, or black the insect is in them, but when white it has escaped. England is the centre of the trade, and receives galls from Germany, Turkey, Egypt, China and Bombay. The galls are used for a variety of purposes. One sort of blasting powder is made of powdered galls and chlorate, but the most valuable product is ink. This is made from them almost entirely."

"Seeds often jump about in the same mysterious way. In Mexico strangers see a curious seed known as devil's bean, or jumping seed. In appearance it is a small triangular body. The first time I saw these seeds I was sure that they were arranged with mechanical springs, as they not only rolled about, but jumped several inches in the air. But open one of the seeds and the mystery is explained. The shell is hollowed out, containing nothing but a white larva that has eaten out nearly all the interior and lined it with silk. Its motions occasion the strange movements."

"Some seeds move by an entirely different process, that of exploding. A friend of mine got some seeds in India once, and placed them on his cabin table. All at once came an explosion like that of a revolver, and he received a blow on the forehead that drew blood, while a looking glass opposite was shattered. The seeds had become heated, and all at once the covering exploded, scattering the seeds in all directions. That is their manner of dispersal, and a large number of plants have a similar method of scattering their seeds."

Rubber Goods.
The rubber industry of the United States has no rival in foreign countries. There is something like \$75,000,000 invested in the business of manufacturing rubber goods, \$30,000,000 of which is confined to the rubber boot and shoe industry. The total number of employees is placed at 15,000, and the total number of factories at one hundred and twenty. According to a recent census bulletin the value of the annual product is \$250,000,000. Some 30,000 tons of raw rubber are imported every year, which when combined with other materials in manufacturing, amount to 300,000 tons. The market price of the raw material has been forced up to \$1.25 per pound, while six years ago the price was scarcely fifty cents. In consequence of the advance in price, several substances have been prepared as substitutes for it, of which celluloid is the most important.

My Wife's Nervous Affection.
"We had ceased to hope that my wife's nervous affection could be cured," writes Rev. J. Edie, of Beaver, Pa. "Many physicians failed to do her good, but Samaritan Nerveine has cured her." At druggists.

MRS. IRESON'S TREASURY.

A pretty interior was that of a certain small room, pink-tinted by the sunset. It was at the top of a tenement house, its windows facing the west, and at first it always seemed well furnished. Bright rugs were over the worn matting and red cushions in the common chairs, while even the old brass shovel and tongs added to the cheerful aspect of the place. Once there sat by the window a little woman of eighty years, a real beauty; for her wrinkled skin was as delicate as a crumpled white rose leaf, her eyes were soft blue, and the hair by her neat cap border was shining white. People who could not think of an old age not querulous and uncomfortable, supposed "grannie" was in her "second childhood," but if this was true, she was like those who have become children of the kingdom—not like the foolish little ones on earth, never wise in simplicity or meek in weakness.

"Nothing could be better than this opening!" exclaimed a young girl by another window.

"Nothing ever is better than the newest blessing God sends," returned the old lady, smiling on the fair girl, who might have been her own youth made visible again. Seeing them together one would think of a morning's all sunshine and spring blossoms, of an evening of moonlight and soft snow flakes.

But Ruth was forced to be very practical in these times, so she added in a moment: "Mrs. Ireson is wealthy, is a widow with one daughter. They board at a great hotel and all she requires of me is to read to her, to write letters, or to sew a little. I need not leave you until ten and I can come home at five. What she promises me will keep us nicely."

"Yes child, I knew you would succeed," said grannie.

"That is because she never went looking for work," thought worldly wise Ruth, going cheerfully away to get grannie's supper. "She does not know the struggle for life in this old city below us."

Every morning after the old lady was made comfortable for the day, a kind neighbor was engaged to look in occasionally, and Ruth was about her new employment. From the first she was delighted, for Mrs. Ireson, an impulsive, shallow creature, was very gracious; her appreciation of all pretty Ruth's good qualities seemed instantaneous. She favored her as if she had known that her mother had been a lady, her father a wise, good man. Each day went swiftly by, each evening Ruth came gaily home to pet the old lady, to bring her little treats for her supper, or at least a bunch of flowers. In a few months grannie came to have a new rocking chair, a soft black shawl, and a quaint little "Quaker" bonnet; for when the summer days came she was going once more to church. This would be a great event; she lived so high up and was so aged, Ruth feared to take her out often.

One afternoon, as Ruth sat sewing for Mrs. Ireson, the latter watching her admiringly, then, idly twirling her diamond ring, remarked, "I should think that old woman—your grandmother—would be a great bother to you, a young girl."

"No indeed!" replied Ruth; "why, she has cared for me since I was ten years old. I lost father and mother and home—she was old and feeble then."

"Oh, you must take care of her, of course. I only meant that she was a weight on your hands."

Such a flush passed over Ruth's face that the lady half guessed her indignation and continued, "It is well you are attached to her—and better yet that you can live on about the sum my daughter Maud spends for candy and opera—oh, did you see the lace she bought Saturday?"

On Ruth's saying "No," Mrs. Ireson unlocked a drawer and took out two yards of exquisite point lace.

"Isn't it fit for a princess," cried the young girl, touching it lightly with her finger. "I admire fine lace so much! It seems a sort of art work to me, like tapestry or mosaics. I like to fancy the curious old foreign cities where they make it, and the stories of its design are so pretty."

"I only judge of it by the price," confessed Mrs. Ireson. "This was shockingly expensive. The fact is I was not born to lace. When I married Ireson he was in the butter business, and I never dreamed he'd slip into oil and make his fortune, dying, too, before he had a chance to lose it, as I have no doubt he would have done. You could be a lady if you only had money enough; I wish you had."

"I mean to be one; my grandmother is a perfect lady," replied Ruth, losing some respect for her patron, who, in turn reflected, "How absurd! Tenement house gentility!"

At that moment a servant appeared with the cards of callers in the parlors and Mrs. Ireson left the room, saying, "Maud is off; when you go leave your key at the office."

Ruth had but a half hour longer to stay, a pleasant half hour there by the open window, with the pretty park below. She could hear the splash of the fountain and the shouts of merry children, while the delicate spring odors were wafted in to her as she sewed. Life looked very bright to her; for if she was poor she was young. When she went home she carried grannie a bouquet of blue violets, and told her of the beautiful point lace. Ruth laughingly declared it as fine a pattern as her own long treasured bit of linen edge, washed as fine as a cobweb, and kept for Sundays only.

On returning to Mrs. Ireson the next morning Ruth was perplexed to find that lady exceedingly cold and stiff in manner. No task was assigned her, and when she asked what she should do first, Mrs. Ireson made no reply. Miss Maud, who was a tall, black-browed young person, exclaimed very vehemently, "Well, mother, do you propose to speak out, or must I?"

"Hush Maud! Ruth, I am dreadfully annoyed about something."

"Can I give you any help, Mrs. Ireson?"

"I'm sure I hope so! Can you say what became of that point lace last night?"

"Did you not put it back in the drawer?"

"Where did you see it last?"

"In your hands, when you rose up to take the cards brought you."

"Ma says"—broke out Miss Maud, aggressively; but "ma" interrupted: "When I took out the lace I locked the drawer from habit, and dropped the key into my watch-pocket. I left out the lace when I went down stairs, for when I came up the drawer was locked, the key still in my possession, but the lace was gone."

There was no tremor in Ruth's voice as she replied: "That is very strange, for almost as soon as you had gone out I looked to see if you had replaced the lace, and it was not to be seen."

"Where had it gone to, pray tell?" demanded the lady, severely.

"I cannot imagine! Did you not put it somewhere?"

"No. I have looked everywhere."

"Yes, everywhere," burst from Maud, "and it's ridiculous for you to say you don't know what became of it."

"Mrs. Ireson, your daughter must not insult me, for I—"

"Don't be theatrical," cried Maud. "Own right up or we will send for the station for a policeman. A girl of your age had better avoid public exposure."

"Be still!" said Ruth, with a dignity in her anger which silenced even Maud for a moment. "Would any dishonest person do so silly a thing as to steal an article left as you say this lace was left, at my very hand. I?"

A plainly dressed man stepped from the next room, remarking calmly, "Let the young woman go home. We can look into this matter without her, when I have put a question or two."

Ruth gave him a grateful glance, answered his few questions, then, trembling with grief and indignation, left the room; not knowing that she had been watched by a detective, who had already interviewed grannie and her neighbors. He reflected that the good old creature reading her Bible might be a well arranged tableau; the pretty girl might be full of guilt; still a reputation for all the Christian virtues is rarely acquired in a tenement house, and when earned is usually destroyed one day, and found them safely laid away the next, this detective knew some hundred odd.

Ruth, hurrying home, kept back her tears until she opened the home door to see grannie so sweet and calm, when she told her story with passionate sobs; the old lady listened in shocked pity. "If they do not find it, they will tell, far and wide, that I stole it. As I came out, to-day, a lady in the hall said, 'lady-like are always frauds—the more lady-like they are, the more they ought to go to the penitentiary!'"

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in Him. We will tell all," said grannie, brokenly, much wondering how any one could grieve her Ruth so terribly.

Next day, Ruth, urged by grannie, called at the hotel, but the door of Mrs. Ireson's room was shut in her face by a maid who remarked, "It was for her to say when the lace would be heard from." After that, her mornings were spent in looking for work, but with no success. The dull season was close at hand. The rent must be paid and food provided. Ruth's face grew whiter, grannie sang few hymns, but sometimes at midnight she prayed, half aloud, and the solemn pleadings in the darkness averted, yet comforted the young girl. Mrs. Ireson owed Ruth thirty dollars, but she did not send it, and Ruth was glad she had no appetite; their food must be meagre, if they kept out of debt.

At last there

ADVANCED THOUGHT.

He doesn't believe in the Devil now, as his father used to do; but he is forced to do the broadest creed to let his Majesty through. There isn't a prout of his crown or a fiery dart from his brow. He is found on earth or in air today, for the world has voted so. But who is mixing the fatal draught that pales heart and brain. He is the hier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who lights the bloom of the land to day with the fiery breath of hell. The Devil isn't and never was. Wou't somebody rise and tell?

Who steps the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sends His wheat? The Devil is not to be, and, of course, the thing is true; but who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a rearing lion now; but when shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row? He is heard in church, and home and state, to cast a remotest bond, the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Who somebody step to the front, forthwith, and show the fruits and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know. The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the Devil's gone; but simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—Saturday Evening Gazette.

Oysters by the Pint.

Wilson's wife had given him a commission to execute, and although he was not the purchasing member of the firm, she thought she could trust him to get her some oysters.

"Now, dear," she said, "you must withdraw your mind from those stupid philosophical studies, and don't let the oyster man get ahead of you, for he'll do it if he sees the chance. Now mind, I want three pints of bulk oysters."

"How do you tell the oysters?" said Wilson to the Teutonic fossil who was head clerk and proprietor of the oyster shop.

"Verdy cents py a kwart," replied the fossil.

"Gimme three pints, then."

The oysters were duly dumped into his tin pan and a silver dollar handed over the counter in return. After considerable mental figuring, forty cents were handed back in change. Another mental calculation, this time on Wilson's part.

"How's this?" he exclaimed. "I want thirty cents more."

"Yes, I believe that's so," said the German, scratching his head in a puzzled way. "No; hold on. You got three bints, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, dot's forty cents py a kwart, and three bints is den sixty cents; ain't dot so?"

"Yes, no, of course not," said Wilson. "There's four pints to a quart, ain't there? So three pints would be only thirty cents."

"Mine friend, you can't blay dot game on me. Ven I wend on der schule der voss only two dints in a kwart."

"Why, you old fool," retorts Wilson, "I can prove it by anybody. Here, Brown, come here a minute. How many bints are there in a quart?"

"Eight!" exclaimed Brown, readily.

"Vot's der matter mit you?" asked the reader. Oh, Mr. Shonson, such came out of the storehouse and dell de chentle many how many bints vos in a kwart."

"There's six!" exclaimed Johnson; either six or four, I don't just remember which."

"Goot zrashious!" exclaimed the exasperated fish-monger. "You dinks I am a geese. I glean de whole store mit you and."

During the racket which followed, a policeman entered, and upon being told that the oyster-man was trying to sell three pints of oysters for a quart and a half, he remarked that the new superintendent was down on these cheating hucksters, and so marched the German out to the calaboose, and Wilson went home triumphantly, and told his wife about the man who had tried to sell oysters two pints to the quart.

Strange Use of Language.

H. L. Charles, in the *Christian at Work*, gives some amusing illustrations of the violation of the purity of language by young people, especially boys. He says: Among the still more common errors in the use of language are these, the mispronouncing of unaccented syllables, as terrible for terrible; the omission of a letter or soft syllable, as goin' for going, and every for every; and the running of words together, without giving to every one a separate and distinct pronunciation. I know a boy who says, "Don't want," when he means "I don't want to;" "wisher say," when he means "what did you say?" and "where de go?" instead of "where did he go?"

Sometimes you hear "flood," instead of "I could;" "wifercan," instead of "will if I can;" and "howier know?" for "how do you know?"

And have you never heard "m-m," instead of "yes," and "ni-ni," instead of "no?"

Let me give you a short conversation I overheard the other day between two pupils of our high school, and see if you never heard anything similar to it.

"Warejergo lasight?"

"Hadder case?"

"Jerdin't ice hard'n good?"

"Yes; hard'nough."

"Jer geordone?"

"No; Bill'n Joe wenterlong."

"Howlate yerstay?"

"Pastate."

"Lemmeknow wenyergogin, wouch?"

"I wanger gon'shower howerkate."

"H-m; fcodon't skate better'n you I'd sell'ou'quit."

"Well, wou't tryen race; sefeycan."

Here they took different streets, and their conversation ceased. These boys write their compositions grammatically, and might use good language and speak distinctly if they would try. But they have got into this careless way of speaking, and make no effort to get out of it. Whenever they try to speak correctly, they

have to grope their way along slowly, and their expression seems forced or cramped, as though it was hard work for them to talk.

Every one talks enough to keep well in practice, and those who try to speak correctly on every occasion, soon find that the practice makes it just as easy for them to use the best of language at their command as to use the most common.

How She was Dowered.

Both the Packer boys, Robert and Harry, were treated like equals by their father and mother, says the *Pittsburg Post*. In the little village where this good man lived there was a summer hotel, which was patronized considerably during the season, young Harry Packer often taking his meals there. A young girl named Lockwood, the daughter of a respectable citizen living near the village, came in to assist in waiting on the table. The frequency of Harry Packer's meals at the hotel attracted some attention, and his brother Robert, or "Bob," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by almost all who ever knew him, said one day before the father and Harry at the breakfast table that Harry was sweet on a little girl down at the hotel, and that was the reason he did not come to meals regularly. Harry colored up a little, and after they had finished their breakfast the old judge seated himself on the front porch, and overlooked Mauch Chunk and gives such a magnificent view of the Lehigh Valley, the moving boats and trains which his own industry had created and brought together. The old gentleman said, "Harry, who is this girl Robert refers to?"

"Miss Lockwood, father, the daughter of a man you know very well."

"Are you going to marry her, Harry?" said the judge.

"I have some notion of it, father," said Harry.

"Well, wait till I go down and see her," said the judge; and picking up his old white hat and cane, the judge quietly ambled down to the hotel and asked for Miss Lockwood. She innocently came into the office of the hotel, with her dining room apron on, and seated herself beside the judge. Just what he said to her, or she to him, will never be exactly known, unless she tells it, but when the judge came out, he was smiling and appeared mighty well pleased. He went home and found Harry still sitting on the porch where he had left him. By this time the judge's face had resumed its usual grave, but kind expression. "Well, Harry," he said, "that is a very nice girl down there, but she has no money. We must raise her some."

The old judge put down his memoranda for \$50,000, the mother and others for \$25,000 each, and this \$150,000 was placed in the bank to the exclusive and immediate credit of Miss Lockwood; the engagement was announced, the wedding day fixed, the marriage took place, and Harry Packer got the girl he liked.

Fixing the General Manager.

A railroad official who now resides in this city told a good story yesterday about the manner in which he fixed the general manager of a road in the west, so that the force of passenger agents could be increased.

"I was the only passenger agent of the road," said the official, "and owing to the fact that I had to work against quite a large number of agents in the employ of rival lines, it was difficult for me to secure business. I repeatedly asked for help, but the general manager did not think a larger force was necessary, so one day I hired two Irish waiters in my hotel to stir their valises, gave them a \$20 bill and instructed them to come to my office for a ticket. I knew the general manager would be around, and also the passenger agents of the other roads. The moment the two waiters appeared on the sidewalk near my office the passenger agents and myself made a rush for them. They displayed the money which I had given them and stated that they wished to go to a point which was reached by my road and several others.

The fun began right there. We wrestled all over the sidewalk with the Irishmen. I talked loud and explained the advantages of my route. The other agents did the same thing. Finally the pow-wow attracted the attention of the general manager, and he came to the door of the office to see what it was about. As soon as he did so, I commenced to talk still louder, to gesticulate and to perspire, and after making a great deal of noise I dragged my two men into the office and sold them the tickets. The general manager came up to me with a bland smile and said: 'Ah, you had pretty hard work to get those passengers out of the clutches of the other agents.' I confessed that the task was by no means easy, and then took occasion to state that often, owing to the fact that I had to contend single-handed against four or five agents of another line, the road lost many passengers. The general manager did not say anything at the time, but the next day issued orders for the appointment of two passenger agents. He saw by the little job I put up how hard an agent had to struggle to get a passenger, and concluded that I needed re-enforcements. When I went to the hotel that night for supper the waiters gave me back the tickets, and I returned them to their places in the ticket-case."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The Origin of the Circus "Safety-Net."

The following extract from "Marcus of Rome," the first of E. S. Brooks' "Historical Boys" series, in St. Nicholas for February, is interesting not only as an evidence of the nobility of character which afterward served to make the Emperor Marcus Aurelius one of the greatest of Rome's Imperial Rulers, but as showing the early origin of a safeguard that no doubt has been generally regarded as an outcome of modern humanity. The scene described took place A. D. 138, at a performance in the Circus Maximus.

Among the throng of "artists" on that far-off March day there came a bright little fellow of ten or eleven years, a rope-dancer and a favorite with the crowd. Light and agile, he tripped along the slender rope that stretched high above the arena.

Right before the magistrate's box the boy poised in mid-air, and even the thoughtful young director of the games looks up at the graceful motions of the boy. Mark! a warning shout goes up; now, another; the poor little rope dancer, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the young noble, over-exerts himself, loses his balance on the dizzy rope and toppling over, falls with a cruel thud to the ground and lies there before the great state box with a broken neck—dead. Marcus hears the shout, he sees the falling boy. Vaulting from his canopied box he leaps down into the arena, and so tender is he of others, Stoic though he be, that he has the poor rope-dancer's head in his lap even before the attendants can reach him. But no life remains in that bruised little body and, Marcus tenderly resigns the dead cynnast to the less sympathetic slaves, he commands that ever after a bed shall be laid beneath the rope as a protection against such fatal falls. This became the rule; and, when next you see the safety-net spread beneath the rope walkers, the trapeze performers, and those who perform similar "terrific" feats, remember that its use dates back to the humane order of Marcus, the boy magistrate, seventeen centuries ago.

The Best Was Good Enough.

A smiling, well-dressed youth accompanied by a damsel who was evidently far gone in love, came into a drug store at the south end last evening, and walking up to the cigar case and commandingly placing his gloved hand over the boxes containing the "six-for-a-quarter" kind said, "Give me a 25 cent cigar."

"Two for half a dollar?" asked the polite druggist.

"Yes, that is the kind, but I will only take one to-night; I have left my case at home, and they break up terribly in my pocket," was the reply.

Reaching out a handful of the choice brand to his customer the apothecary waited until he had selected one to suit him, and then replacing the rest in their proper box took the proffered 25-cent piece and dropped it in his till.

After doing that he furtively took two dimes from a box in a money-drawer, and, procuring some matches from a shelf, dropped the money and the lucifers in the young man's hand, saying as he did so, "Here, have a match."

This advice was taken by the youth, and when he had succeeded in lighting his purchase and its aroma reached the olfactory organs of his admiring companion she turned her love-lighted orbs to his and said in tones of worshipful awe:

"Oh, Charley, how can you afford to smoke 25-cent cigars?"

When he had assured her that "the best is good enough for me," his conquest was complete, and she departed in his company willing to follow him to the ends of the earth.

VARIETIES.

Editor:—Oh, how glad I am that summer is coming again. Soon we can get to Newport and enjoy some more grand old fox-hunts, just as if we were English princesses.

Mabel: "Did you go fox-hunting at Newport?"

Edith: "Yes, indeed, I was in every hunt. Oh, it's glorious—the prancing steeds, the baying hounds, the exhilarating air, the delightful chase over the fields and fences, and the rush to be in at the death and get the blood. Oh! how I wish you could have been along!"

Mabel: "Well, I don't! The idea of a great crowd of horses, and hounds, and hunters dashing after one poor little fox, and keeping up the terrible chase until the poor thing sinks from weariness."

Edith: "Fox! fox! Why, I never saw a fox!"

Mabel: "But you spoke of getting 'the brush.'"

Edith: "Oh! that is a lovely peacock brush given to the best lady rider."

Mabel: "But what is being 'in at the death.'"

Edith: "Catching up with the aniseed bag."

The Cleveland Press says: An amusing incident occurred at the Saturday matinee at the Academy, which for a moment bid fair to break up a further presentation of the play. In the third act the leading man gets into a position with his wife. They quarrel most naturally, and the man seizes a whip and strikes his wife, impersonated by Marie Prescott. The latter rises upon the floor with a groan, while her demon husband glares at her like a tiger. When the play had gone thus far, and just after the husband had struck his wife, a little child in the audience, imbued with the irrepressible desire to give away family secrets, like all children, piped out in a loud voice:

"That's just the way my pa hits my ma!"

The effect on the audience was instantaneous, and although worked up to the highest pitch of angry excitement by the highest pitch of the play, a loud, long and hearty laugh followed the innocent remark of the little one. The actor and actress on the stage laughed louder than anybody else in the house, and it was a long time before they could assume sober faces enough to go on with their lines. The mother of the little one hustled the youngster rapidly out, and it will probably be a day of frosty atmosphere when she again takes that child to see a play.

Taz fellow who obeys orders literally is no, always the safest one to employ. A few years ago a new brakeman was put on a passenger train on the Oswego and Syracuse Division of the D. & W. Western Railroad who did not call out the stations so passengers could catch the names. The Superintendent of the road, Wm. R. Phelps, a gentleman who lived in Buffalo in the balmy days of steam-boating, was on the train on a certain occasion, and noticing the indistinct pronunciation of the brakeman, called him and said:

"My man, your pronunciation is very bad, and you must improve it, for it creates confusion. When you open the door sing out in a clear and distinct tone the name of the station, like this, 'Lamons.' The train had just passed Minetto, going south, and the next station was Fulton, and Mr. Phelps listened to learn what effect his lesson had. Imagine his surprise when the train was brought to a standstill to see the brakeman open the door and say, 'That's a beer garden.'"

The gentleman: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?" The newspaper woman: "Oh! it wouldn't be a very great loss."

There was a young man in Arizona, who once declined a pressing invitation to favor a company with a song. "Really, you must excuse me," he said. "I tell you I can't sing. I don't come of a singing family. Why, there was my old father; he used to try 'Old Hickory' for me, and he never got more than ninety out of the tune."

He was, however, drawn up safely, but refused to go to the store and dry his wet clothing, preferring a few drinks of whiskey "to keep the cold," as he said, "from striking into him." The old fellow remarked that he was not born to be drowned, and related how, on a former occasion, he had broken through the ice and was in danger of a watery grave.

"Have you had your dinner?" asked another defender.

"No," he replied, "but I have had a nice duck."

A loud chorus of laughter evinced the high appreciation of the old soldier's pun.

Said a citizen of one city to a citizen of a rival city:

"Everything we have in our metropolis is on a grand scale. We had a tornado the other day which fairly rattled one-half the town."

"Shook up just half the town?" Graciously what a narrow streak of wind that must have been," replied the other.

"Humph!" retorted the other, "You are very much mistaken. You needn't be putting on any airs. A storm that would sweep over your whole little old town could pass down our principal street without fanning the houses on either side."

It was at a Vanderbilt dinner party that a disagreeably blunt and critical Englishman asked an enthusiastic American girl at his side:

"How in the world do the ladies distinguish between the gentlemen and the waiters in this country, as they all look alike and dress precisely alike?"

"By their manners and conversation, sir, without respect to their dress," was the prompt reply.

"The sheriff will be here to-morrow, and everything we have will be swept away," and he bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud.

The patient little wife went softly to a bureau drawer, and taking therefrom \$50,000, which she had saved from her household expenses, she placed the package quietly at his feet.

Half an hour later the mortgage was paid off and the old man was around the corner paying seven-up for the beer.

A PATENT medicine manufacturer died in New York last week. Before he died his friends asked him how he would like to be buried. He had just strength enough to say:

"Insert me top column, next reading matter, fifty-two times, electro by mail," and then he closed his eyes and passed away to that bourne where there are no omissions or wrong insertions.

A CLOSE observer tells us that when you see a man operating with a needle and thread on a trouser button you can easily tell whether he is single or married. If he uses a thimble he is married, but if he pushes the end of the needle against the wall and pulls it through the button with his teeth, you may safely bet that he is single.

A TESTY old man went into the cellar, with a hand saw, to draw some cider. He stumbled, fell heavily over a box, and hurt himself badly. His wife, more anxious for the handsome mug than for him, called out:

"My dear, have you broken the mug?"

Smarting with pain he yelled back:

"No; but I will!" and immediately dashed it against the wall.

Chaff.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and a half of it is an "if."

Nature don't often make a fool. She furnishes the raw material, and lets it take its own course.

When a man wants to affect eccentricity he goes fishing, and on returning admits that he caught nothing.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep," is the title of a new novel entitled "The Last Bang; or The Fate of the Spectral Indians."

Psychologists assert that the ha-ha laugh indicates a refined mind, the he-ha laugh a shallow mind, and a ho-ho laugh a gross mind.

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It would be well the other three-quarters to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

A little girl in town was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and exclaimed: "O, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle, she does it so sweetly."

When Pre Hyacinthe married, the late Pope said the ninth, which was fond of an innocent jest. The ninth, which was fond of an innocent jest. The ninth, which was fond of an innocent jest.

"We'll, well, then I have no need to punish him; he has taken his punishment in his own hands."

A rural innkeeper, while waiting for the evening train at Concord Junction last night, observing the different colored switch lights, asked a well known railroad man if that red oil cost any more than the plain white.

Professor, to a class in surgery: "The right limb of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student—"Limp, too."

The Scotch troops figure prominently in recent British wars. They are always put in the advance with their rifles pointed to save ammunition. Those of the enemy who can stand the music get shot, as they deserve.

"What sort of a place is that, pa?" asked a little boy of his male parent while they were out walking. "That's a beer garden," "I didn't know beer grew in gardens." "There is a great deal of it raised in gardens, my son."

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he didn't like the taste of tobacco he had to keep the moths out of his mouth."

Two truths: Not one woman in ten thousand can open the front door without glancing both up and down the street before closing it again.—*Washington Star*. Not one man in ten thousand can open the back door from the inside without glancing up and down the street before slipping out.

A little one, whose father does not use a razor, was recently, while on a visit to an aunt, greatly interested in seeing her uncle shave. After watching him intently for a few minutes she said: "Uncle, what do you do that for? Papa don't wash his face with a little broom, and wipe it with a knife."

A gentleman bought a newspaper and tendered in payment a piece of forty sous. The newspaper woman: "I haven't the change, you can pay me as you pass along to-morrow."

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Right to the point

The Rev. J. E. Searies, of New York, is one of the most widely-known and highly esteemed of Methodist ministers.

Mr. Searies says: "I am impressed that it is a duty to say that a remedy has been discovered that is a marvelous success. My son was greatly afflicted with Rheumatism, and suffered so severely that at times he was obliged to have morphine injected into his arm to get relief. While in this condition he discovered a remedy which effected immediate relief, and a permanent cure. He has since been free from the disease. Among others, I have cured Mr. Wm. P. Corbett, of New York, who was suffering from Rheumatism in his severe form, and who was unable to walk. He is now well, and is able to publish the facts of his cure for the benefit of others suffering with the same disease."

What Mr. Corbett Says

"Mr. Searies: Dear Sir—I wish to say for the benefit of those afflicted with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, that your medicine is infallible. I suffered from Rheumatism, and the result has been Rheumatism in its severe form, and I was unable to walk. I have since been free from the disease. Among others, I have cured Mr. Wm. P. Corbett, of New York, who was suffering from Rheumatism in his severe form, and who was unable to walk. He is now well, and is able to publish the facts of his cure for the benefit of others suffering with the same disease."

Such is ATROPHOROS—a thorough and efficient cure for the worst cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

If you cannot get ATROPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it expressed, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be troubled by anything else, but order at once from us as directed.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LINE SELECTED BY THE U. S. GOVT TO CARRY THE FAST MAIL

Burlington Route

GOING WEST.

ONLY LINE RUNNING TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS.

(Continued from first page)

of sheep, has been grading for years till his flock reached an average of 10 lbs. 2 oz. Not content with this he aimed at a higher standard in breeding particularly, and in 1879 he bought eight ewes bred by E. O. & E. W. Hardy, of (Oscoda), and one bred by F. L. & L. E. Moore, bred by Centennial. In 1883, five more ewes, bred by F. B. Farrington from A. Wood, and in 1883, twenty ewe lambs and ewes from A. Wood, of the best breeding he could find in Vermont. The balance of this flock was bred on the farm. In 1883 he bought a ram of Fred C. Wood, sired by Sheldon, and out of A. J. S. Wilmath ewe; used him two years, as he proved to be a good one, and his stock gave splendid satisfaction, and sheared 36 pounds last year. He also used to a large extent Sheldon and Rip. We find his flock to be a good one, and including purchasers will find it desirable to visit it, as he is a careful, judicious breeder, very successful in ram raising, while his stock is of excellent breeding—it could not well be otherwise with such sires as mentioned.

Leonard Bassett is a good, tidy farmer, has 144 acres of splendid land, and a choice party of twenty registered breeding ewes, partly of Vermont breeding, purchased from A. A. Wood, and from some F. C. Wood.

G. Hurd has 470 acres, a good lot of grade cattle, and a Shorthorn bull bred by Phelps Bros., of Dexter, sired by 21st Duke of Hillsdale.

John G. Cook has a fine farm and house, and a Shorthorn bull bred by and purchased from D. Uhl, of Ypsilanti.

The next party interviewed was Arthur A. Wood, whose reputation as a breeder and dealer in fine wool sheep stands unequalled, not only for judgment but for extent of business. From early life he has had a love and care for them, and it has become his specialty. We enjoyed a visit with him at his elegant home, on his 210 acres of rolling clay loam soil, partly timbered with black walnut and cherry, which is a productive farm equal to any one in Washtenaw County. His sheep barn is 28x50, and was erected in 1883, and it is complete in all points, being high, dry, well ventilated, plenty of windows, giving admission to the light and air; also perfectly warm, no water having frozen in it during the extreme cold of the past winter. In the basement is a large room, and also a wool-room. He tells us he started in sheep industry ten years ago, that his first purchase was a ewe lamb, for which he paid \$25, and he continued purchasing till he had a flock such as only a "Wool" cared for, as breeders. His breeding stock now numbers 75 ewes, about what will always be kept on the farm; he has used upon them the stock ram Sheldon and McCauley 60, Young Rip. He also tells us that his breeding ewes in the future shall be pure Rich, believing them to be the purest bred and of the most value to him as a breeder. They come nearer his ideas than those of any other strain, and in them he finds good mothers, plenty of size, strength, bone vigor and constitution; with fleece to his stand, and in combination with nutron qualities. He is proud of his showing in young stock from Rich and Wooster dams, sired by Sheldon, Rip and Banker. In them we see heavy, loose folds, dense staple, short necks, square, compact beauties. This flock is one of the leading ones in this locality, and the older dams are nearly every one specially fine. His business as a dealer has been an extensive one, his sales aggregating many thousands of dollars yearly, and extending to the far western States as well as Texas; while his home sales this year have been larger than ever. This extensive business has proven to be a good thing, for neighboring breeders, as he purchased their young rams and takes all the risk in shipping them, opening out for them a home market. We leave him with a kindly wish for his business success.

T. Sutherland is a good farmer, owns a good farm, has grade cattle, but nothing thoroughbred, although we notice a grand work team in size.

David Cody rents his large farm, upon which we found a large flock of grade sheep, some 40 head of grade cattle and calves, and a Short-horn bull, bred by W. E. Boyden, and sired by 21st Duke of Hillsdale.

N. H. Isebell has 100 acres, and makes Merino sheep and Poland-Chinas his hobby. His registered ewes were bred by L. E. Moore, and his five year old stock ram was purchased from Wm. Ball, bred by L. E. Moore, and sired by Centennial. His Poland-Chinas were bred from Murphy and Arnold stock.

R. W. Mills' 110 acre farm is close to the village of Saline, pleasantly located, and upon it we found a party of two year old ewes, 14 in number, bred in Vermont, and purchased from A. A. Wood, and in lamb to Sheldon and Rip, which we look at when we tell him he only made one mistake. This rather startling him, we explained that his purchase of same stock should have been larger, as they are unequalled for number—three of them are straight Attwoods.

E. Ruckman has a fine farm of 120 acres in full view of the village, and on it are in stock some Poland-Chinas, Plymouth Rock chicks, and grade sheep.

Near this farm is that of John A. Smith, 170 acres, in pleasant location, with a new brick house. As we glance from the elevation upon the village, he tells us he is infected with sheep fever (quite a prevailing disease) and will shortly invest.

Dexter Briggs is on 245 acres, has a herd of Poland-Chinas, a fine party of grade sheep, and a two-year old colt that is a beauty.

James Hoyt placed on his farm last year 25 registered Merinos, all Vermont breeding, and purchased from A. A. Wood.

Isaac Shaw also started in the same way last year, with a party of 30 of same breeding. They were looking extremely fine, in good condition, and like the above named will prove a foundation for a good flock, which we hope will be largely increased by both.

C. R. Parsons has a small farm, well cared for. He makes quite a specialty of full blooded Plymouth Rocks, having a nice lot of thirty ones, and a new hen, 18x24 feet, and better by far than any we have seen in the State, it being very complete. "The young lady" should furnish the readers of the FARMER "Household" with a description of it, as well as the system adopted here. We notice some extra high grade cattle as we pass through the well arranged barns and clean yards to the sheep barn, where we find a party of six registered ewes, purchased from A. A. Wood in February, 1883, and in lamb to Sheldon. The ram lamb shown us with pride is a beauty, and we predict he will be heard from in the future.

J. E. Rogers lives one mile from the village, has 110 acres of rolling land, and has a party of high grade sheep that he has been breeding for years. His party of 42 breeding ewes, which were purchased one year ago, are of Vermont breeding, from the flock of Frank Randall, of West Cornwall, and are good shearers of a good class of wool, four of them clipping last year 15, 16½, 18, and 19½ lbs. respectively; while the ram Randall 144, sired by Ethan Allen, he by old Rip Van Winkle, is proving a good one.

ON THE WING.

Fits Cured Six Years Ago.

"It has been six years since I was cured of fits," says Mr. W. Ford, of Wirt, Jefferson Co., Ind. "Samaritan Nervine did it." And it will, reader. \$1.50, at druggists.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers. For further information, please apply to the Editor of this journal. No questions will be answered unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given, the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been used.

Private address, 301 1/2 Street, Detroit.

An Inquiry in Regard to Various Remedies.

St. Louis, April 17, '84.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Your advertisement says that the enclosed named liniment can be had of druggists. I have asked for it at this place, and I believe at Alma and Ithaca, and the reply was "we do not keep it," and, if my memory serves me, had not heard of the Evince-Liniment. I think it would be for your interest to introduce it so that we farmers can get it. I want to try it. I would say at Mr. Runkles, druggist at this place, would be a good place to have it introduced.

D. C. SMITH.

Answer.—In reply I would say, in prescribing for sick animals through the columns of the MICHIGAN FARMER, it has been my aim to use the best remedies known to me; and as some of the principal ingredients in each of my own preparations are unknown in the pharmacopoeia, are not to be found in the drug stores, prescriptions therefore would be of no practical use. In my early connection with the FARMER, I sent these preparations on individual application by mail or express, with written directions for use. As their merits became known by one recipient informing his friends, and by letters from subscribers published in the FARMER, every mail brought orders to my office. This increased demand upon my time in writing directions interfered too much with other business, often causing delay. In some instances fatal to the animal. By persuasion of friends I offered my Evince-Liniment, and Bovine-Panacea, to the public, put up in convenient form, with printed directions for use, more from a desire to accommodate than from any prospect of large financial gain. The demand still increasing induced the wholesale druggists of Detroit to keep them in stock, for the accommodation of their customers.

R. JENNINGS.

Spheculus in Pigs.

STANTON, Mich., April 18th, 1884.

Veterinary Editor MICHIGAN FARMER.

I keep a number of common sows, and have a full-blooded Poland-China boar, thinking that would be a good cross, and think so still; but I am having very hard luck with my pigs; they are coming along now, and they are nice, but there is something wrong with them, as they live about three or four weeks and then die very quickly. They get to look sick and smooth beauties by that time and it is too bad to lose them. Now I will tell you how they look and act: I took one up the other day, as I saw it was down and could not get up, and its lower jaw and face was about rotten, the jaw bone was dropping off with the flesh, and its feet were cold, and the same night it was dead. This appears to be the reason of their dying: I have lost a dozen the same way. I feel muddled, scared, and don't know what to do. Sows do well all the time. If you can give a remedy I should be glad.

R. PARKES.

Answer.—Spheculus, "to destroy." A mortification of any part, unattended by sensibility, warmth and motion, is termed spheculus. Causes: Mechanical and chemical irritants, wounds, bruises, itching vegetables, scalding food, pricks with thorns, decay from parasitic growths, etc. Your description of the disease may have led us into error, as the primary symptoms passed unnoticed, which would have been important in assisting us to diagnose the disease with certainty, or at least more satisfactorily. We would advise you to change your young pigs to new and clean quarters, well littered with straw, and give in the feed small doses of sulphur and nitrate of potash, according to the age of the animal; and wash the mouth of each pig, at least once a day, with equal parts of tincture of myrrh and water.

Through.

FOUR TOWNS, April 14th, 1884.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

Dear Sir—I have a brown gelding, seven years old, that has become affected with a rotting of the soft part of the hoof. It seems to be in all of his feet; he has been lame for a few days. I have been told it is thrush. I have done nothing for it. I would like to know if it is contagious. Please answer through the FARMER what the disease is and the cure.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The disease in your horse's feet is no doubt thrush, which is known by a discharge of fetid matter from the cleft or division of the frog, occasionally accompanied by lameness, and a rotten condition of the frog. Treatment: Wash the feet well with castile or carbolic soap, and fill the cleft of the frog with powder of sulphate of copper, covering with a little cotton or tow to keep out the dirt. This disease is easily cured, but when neglected runs into canker, which disease often proves troublesome to cure.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, April 22, 1884.

Flour.—Receipts for the week 760 bbls, against 1,093 bbls, the previous week, and 2,221 bbls the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments, 2,353 bbls. The demand for shipment keeps very light, but local wants are sufficient to keep up a fair movement of stock. Values are entirely unchanged. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice..... \$4 75

Michigan white wheat, roller process 5 00

Minnesota, bakers..... 5 25

Minnesota, patents..... 7 00

Minnesota, roller process 5 00

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On futures: May, \$1 05; June, \$1 05 1/2.

Corn.—Market active and higher. No. 2 is worth 54½c, new mixed 50½c, and a car of rejected sold at 52c per bu.

Oats.—Quiet but very firm. No. 2 white are quoted at 41c, and No. 2 mixed at 38½c per bu.

Receipts very light. Street prices, 38½c per bu.

Good State and Western commands \$1 00 1/2 per cental, and Canada 10½c more. Street prices, 60½c per bu.

Corn Meal.—Firm and steady at \$22 3/4 per ton for fresh ground.

Feed.—Bran is quoted at \$13 75/100 00; middlings are nominal at \$14 50 for coarse and \$17 50 for fine; linseed meal, 27 00/30 00 per ton.

Apples.—Dull with only a light demand. Quotations are \$3 00/3 50 for good fruit.

Beans.—Quiet and steady; pickers are quoted at \$2 25/2 30 for their best stock; unpicked are quotable at \$1 50/1 55 per bushel; country picked, \$1 10/1 15. From farmers' wagon buyers \$1 05/1 10 per bu.

Butter.—Values are unchanged; 30c is the highest quotation for average receipts, but 30c is frequently obtained by farmers when quality is all right. The lower grades are entirely neglected, and prices are nominal, sales having been made as low as 10c.

Cheese.—Market firm. Full cream State are quoted at 14½c/15c, D, and second quality at 13½c/14c. New York brands, 10c, New Ohio, 12½c/13c.

Butterfat.—Quiet at \$1 40/1 50 per bu.

Eggs.—Steady and firm at 15c per dozen. Street prices, 15½c/16c.

Dried Apples.—Southern, 40½c/45c; State, 70½c/75c D and D. Evaporated fruit is worth 12½c/13½c D. Demand very light.

Hay.—Baled on track is selling at \$10 12/12 10 per ton.

Hops.—Quiet. Michigan are quoted at 20½c/24c for fair, and New York at 22½c/26c for same quality. None being received from growers.

Potatoes.—The market is quiet and steady with \$1 10 a local demand. Quotations are 30½c/35c for car lots. Street prices, 40½c/45c.

Maple Sugar.—New, 2½c/3c; old, 10c. Street prices, 20½c/25c per gallon.

Onions.—Firm and steady. Quotations are \$2 00/2 25 per bu.

Clover Seed.—Quiet and steady. Cash seed is quotable at \$6 00 per bu, and No. 2 at \$5 75.

Timothy Seed.—Quiet at \$1 40/1 50 per bu.

Peas.—Choice Canada field, \$1 10 per bu.; Wisconsin blue, \$1 40/1 45.

Honey.—Market quiet at 10½c/12c per lb. for fine white comb.

Provisions.—Market for barrelled pork is slightly lower, and easy; lard is also a shade lower; smoked meats steady and active, with shoulders higher; meat and dried beef steady. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Meats, new..... 18 25

Clear do..... 20 00

Lard in tierces, per D..... 9 25

Butter, cream..... 20 00

Hams, per D..... 12 50

Shoulders, per D..... 9 25

Extra Mass beef, per bu..... 12 75

Tallow, per D..... 6 25

Dried beef, per D..... 12 50

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday—18 loads: five at \$15; three at \$14; two at \$17 and \$13; one at \$16 50, \$16, 15 50, \$12 50, \$12 and \$10.

Tuesday—one load at \$13.

Wednesday—three loads: three at \$17; two at \$16 and \$15; one at \$13.

Thursday—25 loads: five at \$15; four at \$14; three at \$17, \$15 50 and \$13 50; two at \$16, \$13 and \$12.

Friday—38 loads: ten at \$14; six at \$17; four at \$15 and \$12; three at \$16, \$16 50 and \$16; two at \$10 50, \$10 and \$9 50; one at \$12 50.

Saturday—24 loads: five at \$18; four at \$15; three at \$17; two at \$16, \$16 50 and \$16; one at \$17 50, \$16 50, \$15 50 and \$10; one at \$17 50, \$16 50, \$15 50 and \$10.

Sunday—no sales.

Below we give the latest reports of the live stock markets east and west for Monday, April 22.

CHICAGO.—Cattle active at a decline of 10 cents per hundred.

Hogs: Market dull and 10c to 15c lower.

BRATTLE.—Cattle: Receipts 1,000. Market dull and lower, except for good butchers' lots.

Sheep: Receipts 3,200. Demand light and prices 10c to 15c lower.

Hogs: Receipts 5,500. Market steady with fair demand. Best Yorkers, \$5 80/6c.

New York.—Cattle dull and weak, closed heavy at a decline of 50c to 75c per hundred.

Sheep: 1½c to 2c lower. Poland-China steady and prices sustained. Heavy western sheep dull and lower.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, April 19, 1884.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.

Albion..... 17 20

Battle Creek..... 24

Brighton..... 15 25

Dexter..... 12 15

D. G. & M. R..... 42 53

Grand Island..... 25 10

Howell..... 14 23 1/2

Milford..... 24

Nason..... 20

Marshall..... 23

Metamora..... 23

Neville..... 18 36

South Lyons..... 23

Tekoma..... 17

Thomas..... 22

Williamston..... 40 10

Ypsilanti..... 8 54

Drove in..... 18

Total..... 380 435 110

CATTLE.

The offerings of Michigan cattle at these yards numbered 380 head against 280 last week. With only two loads of western cattle on sale, the supply just about equalled the demand. The market kept open up, at strong last week's rates, and there was no let up until the yards were cleared. The local dealers got the bulk of the offerings, only a few being bought for shipment. The quality of the cattle averaged better than last week. The following were the closing prices: